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## The Inkwell "Inkquirer"

Armstrong State College

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# The Inquirer

"Because if We don't know it, it must not be true."

April 1, 1994

Volume VII, NO. 11

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## New History Department Head Chosen

By Shelley Carroll and Grace Robbins  
Editorial Staff

The long search for a new History Department Head ended in the dramatic, unprecedented decision by the ASC Faculty Appointment Committee to select Dr. Christopher Hendricks for the coveted vacant position. Dr. Hendricks was not among the three nominees recommended by the History Department's Selection and Review Committee.

While reactions are mixed within the department, President Robert Burnett defended the surprise decision in a recent statement to the *Inkwell*: "Dr. Hendricks will make a great department head. We feel we made the right decision... and it's final."

Most of the History faculty refused to comment, but we did receive this statement from one professor, who preferred to remain anonymous: "I'm not sure what he has in mind for the department, but I do know one thing—I don't do ballroom dancing." This statement reflects the concern of many in the department who feel that Hendricks may not be qualified for the position.

Hendricks sings tenor in his church choir and in the Savannah Symphony Chorale, and he is an accomplished ballroom and country line dance instructor. When asked about Hendricks' abilities, a student worker in the History offices replied, "Well... he's an excellent tennis player."

In addition to his diverse musical and athletic background, Hendricks earned his

B.A. from Wake Forest, where his proud father is a professor of History. He earned his Masters and Ph.D. from William and Mary College in historic Williamsburg, VA, where he gained experience in the field of preservation studies. He was a professor of History at the University of Alabama at Huntsville before coming to Armstrong in the fall of 1993. Not yet thirty, Hendricks is the youngest department head in Armstrong history.

Reverberations from the controversial decision have sparked intense political debate within the Department of Government, where the subject of department head appointments is a particularly sensitive one. Government has had back-to-back acting heads, and has faced everything from candidates turning down job offers to flat out no-shows. They are currently interviewing candidates for the position. Acting Department Head Dr. Dennis Murphy, Honest Lawyer, had this comment: "I certainly wish the new permanent head of the History Department well! You know, at some colleges the head is called the department chair, and the job rotates every few years from one tenured professor to the next. In the Department of Government we've had not a rotating chair but a revolving door! Still, we're optimistic that this year's search will be our last for a long time."

When his appointment was announced, Hendricks was, once again, out of town. From the white, sandy beaches of Daytona, Florida, the *Inkwell* staff was

able to conduct a telephone interview, despite the noisy background clamor of Spring Break 1994 revelry.

Expressing his surprise and elation, Hendricks replied, "I'm flabbergasted! Being the newest member of the department, I wasn't sure I fit in. But now I know they like me—they really like me!"

Still, some History faculty are worried with such a young appointee. Understanding the concern of the tenured members, the college Administration reassured them with a back-up appointee. Should Hendricks be unable to fulfill his obligations as department head, Dr. Mark Finlay will replace him.

The *Inkwell* staff would like to take the opportunity to wish Dr. Hendricks well in this new venture! Any comments or complaints with the History Department should, in the future, be forwarded to Dr. Hendricks.

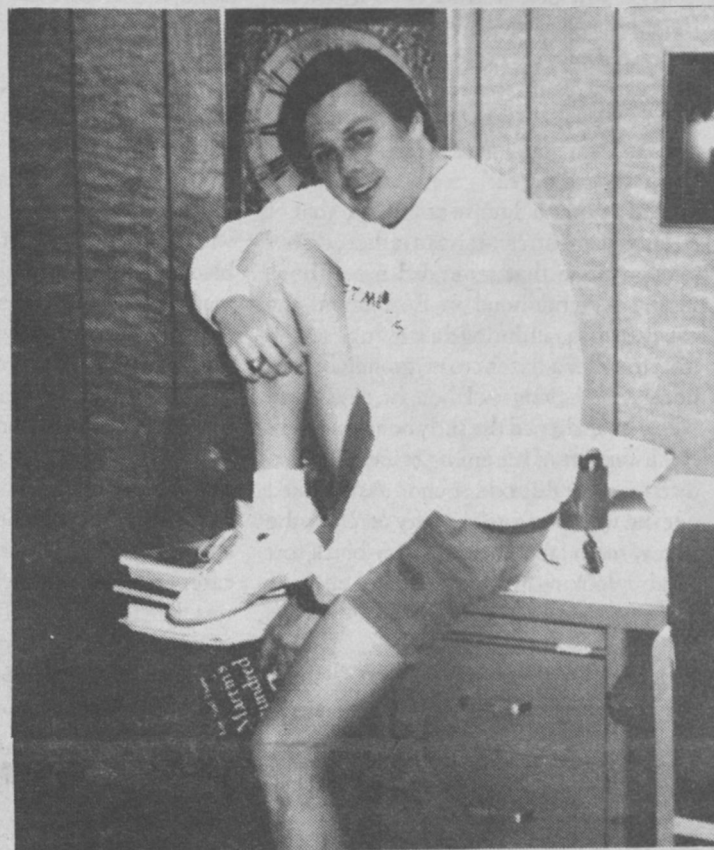


Photo by Annette Logue

History Department Head Appointee, Dr. Christopher Hendricks.

## Parking Lot Fracas Lands Four in Jail: Multi-Level Parking Facility Planned

By Hank Finklemeyer  
Staff Writer

Four students wound up in jail last week following a melee in the parking lot across from Victor Hall. The fracas began when two students vying for a parking space began ramming their cars together in an apparent emotional loss of control. When another student attempted to stop the two, one got out of his car with a baseball bat and began flailing away on the other's car, smashing the windshield, headlights, taillights and breaking off the outside rearview mirrors. The scenario turned even more violent when a young lady ran up brandishing a sawed-off shotgun, threatening to "blow off his (expletive deleted) head," unless he immediately stopped. The two were

shouting vulgarities to one another when campus police arrived and persuaded the two to cease and desist. The two car-bangers, the bat wielder and the sawed-off-shotgun-student were promptly arrested and taken to Chatham County Courthouse for arraignment.

Red Lions, ASAP, says that although parking is one of the greatest problems of concern on campus, students should refrain from car-ramming, bat-wielding and shotgun brandishing. "We should all obey simple common courtesy, especially in the parking lots. At least until our multilevel parking complex is completed," said Red. The date for this project remains unpredicted although we hear from a good source that a "parking problem solution" is in the works.

The Second  
Annual  
*Inkwell*  
Swimsuit  
Competition.

See page 10-11.



Man-Eating Chicken  
Descends on ASC?

"I screamed when I saw  
the man-eating  
chicken," one student  
said. "It was gross."

See "Carnivore," page 2.

Faculty  
Members  
to Lose  
Jobs?

See "Prime Time  
ASC: The End  
of the World as  
We Know It,"  
page 6.



# Student Loses Ear in the First Annual (Unofficial) Cat Toss

## Students Grow Angry over the Blatant Mistreatment of the Campus Cats and Plan to Exact Revenge

By Niles Jorgensen  
Staff Writer

What began as a typical warm spring afternoon ended in turmoil this past Friday when two individuals, on their own and without sanction, held the first ever cat-toss in the history of Armstrong State College. In a sport reminiscent of Medieval England, one of the participants will long suffer and forever regret the day he missed the catch. Staff writer Niles Jorgensen relates the following story.

As I was going over in my head, "Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth. . .," I heard an unusual noise not unlike that of an animal in distress. It was a rather odd but familiar noise that reminded me of how, during my childhood in Rotterdam, the cats used to squall during their mating season from the alley adjacent to my grandmother's home. Cats having sex I thought, desiderata, "Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth. . .," I was sort of humming to myself when distracted by this odd sound. As I looked out the window from my lofty perch in the library math lab I noticed a grey-black sort of tabby looking furry creature go careening and caterwauling by--airborne. Down below, two men in black fatigues, combat boots, and what appeared to be falconry

gloves of elbow length and apparently the type of masks that are worn by hockey goalies, were gleefully tossing a huge grey-black tabby cat back and forth to one another halfway between the fountain and the library.

I immediately dropped what I was doing and ran downstairs in hopes that I could stop these fools before this bizarre situation progressed any further. While each cat tosser had his own unique style, these idiots never failed to get a long pitiful wail (caterwaul) out of the poor unfortunate feline as it arced across the campus square frantically clawing at the air, pitching and rolling in flight--whereupon each one of the men dressed in black would bound gleefully about like madmen at play. The tall one shouted, "Back up Snuffy! sling him by his tail like a discus thrower! there you go! look out! I've got him! Whoaaa!" He would then run under the unfortunate creature like a baseball fielder being careful to grab a part of the cat that would not hurt him (the catcher, not the cat). The cat would squall and hiss and scratch and claw and caterwaul; the two men would laugh and toss, laugh and toss. The cat more or less caught himself on each throw, such was the depth to which he sank his claws into the heavy leather gloves the men were wearing. The short fat individual was rather quiet with the exception of his mad laughter, however one sensed from observing that this savage amusement was not new to him. I pleaded for them to stop and began to feel faint, so horrible was this distraction.

This cat-play went on for the better part of ten or fifteen minutes gathering a huge crowd of about 15-20 students and a few faculty members. Some of the students began shouting obscenities at the two fellows in a vain attempt to have them cease this cruel play, but this only seemed to fuel their mad display of energies. Suddenly, the short fat guy slipped (Snuffy we believe) on a catch and the cat apparently forced his right front paw through a slit in the mask, hooking the wild-man cat-tosser behind his left ear. The caterwauling continued, but it was now a combination of the two praying for release from one another--the cat was not letting go and dug his claws in deeper each time he screeched, backedpedalling with his hind feet into the chest and neck of this guy called Snuffy. A most horrific, squalling battle ensued with the short fat guy trying to pry off the cat while rolling around in the grass and frantically stretching the poor animal while bouncing off trees and such. Meanwhile the cat was hanging on with his all-fours for dear life in fear of another toss, he had Snuffy in a death-grip, so to speak. A caterwauling death-grip.

It was over in a matter of seconds when the tall guy ran up, grabbed the cat by the tail, yanked it from its grip on his

companion and slung it across the quad into the edge of the fountain where it bounced off the concrete trellis and fell over on its side in an apparent dying condition, still twitching and flailing and squalling. Likewise, the short fat fellow (Snuffy we believe) was still twitching and flailing and squalling, too. After a very short time the cat was up and off like a streak of lightning, smoking toward the back of Jenkins Auditorium while the guy called Snuffy continued his mewling. He then apparently became ill and started vomiting everywhere.

Snuffy (we believe) was crying, between regurgitations, "Eugene! my ear--my God, blood, ear! it's gone, Eugene, help! it's gone! maybe they can get it back on! Blood--oh my God--blood! Damned cats! ear, ear!" The two men made a mad dash for some cartilage laced red and white mass lying nearby. The guy named Snuffy was crying like a baby. He snatched the bloody mass off the ground and quickly stuffed it into his pants pocket--whereupon one unfortunate student fell into a faint on the grass.

The two men then took off running across campus between the Student Center, Hawes and Solms Halls and crossed Memorial Drive into the woods behind the Health Professions building with four or five students in hot, cursing pursuit. Shortly thereafter a yellow pickup truck with Clarke county license plates was seen careening by the security building at warpspeed onto and down Abercorn toward town. A bystander related a bumper sticker on the truck that said, "I LOVE CATS--DEAD ONES." The individual driving was reportedly still wearing his hockey mask while the other appeared to have slumped over in the seat.

If you happen to know anyone that goes by the name of Snuffy or Eugene from Athens or thereabouts, or if you know anyone that drives a yellow pickup with Clarke county (OU812) plates and a sicko bumper sticker reflecting one's affection for cats, please call Red Lions--ASAP. We must put a stop to this sort of unmanly and inhuman diversion.

**Don't forget  
Kids Night  
Out!  
Saturday,  
April 16  
from  
6-9pm.  
Showing:  
Homeward  
Bound  
Call Student  
Activities at  
927-5300 for  
details.**



Photo by Shelley Carroll.



# Mick Jagger Visits ASC Tonight!

College Union Board's Rock Me and Open Door Productions are proud to announce

**Mick Jagger**  
of Rolling Stones fame

will be putting on a special ALL-STAR performance

**TONIGHT**

**April 1, 1994**

in Memorial College Center.

Admission is FREE to all ASC students,  
faculty and staff!

Show Begins at 8:00 P.M. in MCC.

## Michael Jackson to Join Psychology Faculty

By I.M. Pickens  
Staff Writer

The Department of Behavioral Sciences has announced that pop-star/entertainer Michael Jackson, formerly of the Jackson Five, will be joining the department's Psychology Faculty.

Jackson will be joining the department as a Child Psychologist Specialist, despite his recent run-ins with the authorities alleging his mistreatment/abuse of children. Jackson will begin his stint at Armstrong State by teaching courses in Dance and Music Therapy, Play Therapy, and the Tellington-Jones Healing Touch Approach to Total Body Engagement.

Jackson says he has spent about twenty five years in this field (healing touch, that is), but only recently has his work been noticed by the public. His greatest professional achievement, however, remains to be his explosive career as a singer/song writer.

In an attempt to get to know Jackson, the *Inkwell* staff conducted the following interview on March 22, 1994:

*Inkwell:* Professor Jackson, what approach will you take to educate Armstrong students in the field of psychology?

*Jackson:* Well, I think the classes I'm teaching tell the whole story. I have found, through my own therapy, that music and dance can alleviate the soul. Beyond that, only a healing touch can save the body. I want to stress the Tellington-Jones Healing Touch approach. I have found it to be useful, exhilarating, and exciting, despite the controversy that the news media finds in it.

*Inkwell:* Why do you believe the news media finds this approach so controversial?

*Jackson:* They just don't understand. I feel so violated...

*Inkwell:* Please, Professor Jackson, don't get so upset. We'll move on. Do you have any advice for Armstrong State students?

*Jackson:* (gulp) Well... yes! Go see *Free Willy*. I just loved that movie. It was

so cute when he wiggled that tail...

*Inkwell:* Well, yes Professor Jackson, that sounds very nice and sweet, but we meant professional advice.

*Jackson:* Oh, of course you did. Well... one important lesson you need to learn to succeed is how to disappear when convenient.

*Inkwell:* Okay... what are your hobbies, Professor Jackson? Do you do any work involving the community?

*Jackson:* I am so happy you asked. I love to dance and sing and grab my crotch, and I love to play hide and seek with little children and the public.

Jackson will begin teaching at Armstrong State in the fall of 1994. He says he is looking forward to the experience, and hopes that a successful career here will enable him to one day work with young children. He is concerned, he said, with "getting people to take me seriously, and figuring out a way to keep my hair out of the water fountain when I'm trying to drink." The *Inkwell* wishes him well...

## NEWS BRIEFS

### No More Bookstore

After waiting months for the new bookstore to be completed, Armstrong State College received the dreadful news that it never expected. Chatham County Building Inspectors, upon reviewing the construction last week, deemed the building unsafe for human inhabitants. Seeing no other alternative, the college has decided to use the long-awaited building as a safe haven for cats. "We hope that we can make some use of this building," one administrator said. "Ever since the dreadful cat throwing incident, we decided that we may as well use it for the cats. At least we'll get our money's worth."

...

### No Freshmen to Park on Campus

The Department of Public Safety has announced that as of Fall Quarter, 1994, freshmen will no longer be allowed to drive on campus.

"We are just sick and tired of listening to students complain," said Red Lions. "The parking melee that almost cost human lives made us realize that an immediate response to the parking situation was necessary. Many colleges and universities do not allow freshman to drive on campus, and we have decided to follow suit."

Freshmen will be allowed to park in the lot in front of Abercorn Cinemas and at the Savannah Mall. Any freshman found parking on campus, however, will be immediately arrested and escorted to the Chatham County jail through the new tunnel.

...

### Geechee Editor Disappears

Annette Logue, editor of the *Geechee*, disappeared and has been missing since March 22nd. Sources say that Ben Baker, her assistant editor, is the primary suspect of the authorities in the disappearance.



# "Keep Doctor Keith Douglass" Campaign Started at A.S.C.

By I.M. Pickens  
Staff Writer

Students at ASC recently complained that Dr. Keith Douglass's classes are just too difficult to pass. Unofficial reports to the *Inkwell* have it that Douglass was displeased with student attitudes towards his teaching and grading systems. Apparently, Douglass feels that the students carry the attitude that "if I paid good money I deserve a good grade."

One student in Douglass's class was displeased with the suggestion that if he could not grasp the concept of the subject matter of the class and devote 1/3 of his waking hours to study then his chances with future employers would be limited.

"This class does not mirror real life," said the forty-year-old plumber. "I came to ASC to learn more about the way the mind functions, not to get a doctoral degree in psychological research work. Besides, I probably make more a year than he does anyway."

The student was said to have stormed out of Victor Hall in an angry rush.

Several hours later, Dr. Douglass was nowhere to be found. "That's odd," one student said. "He usually gets back from the gym by now." A search party was formed and word was sent back that

Douglass had been found in the men's latrine with only his head sticking out.

After the female faculty were revived, it was explained that only his face was visible-- the rest of his body had apparently been caught up in the drainage system. Dr. Stephen Taylor was called upon as his "Save Bob" bumper sticker on his office door seemed to indicate that he may be qualified to straighten out the situation.

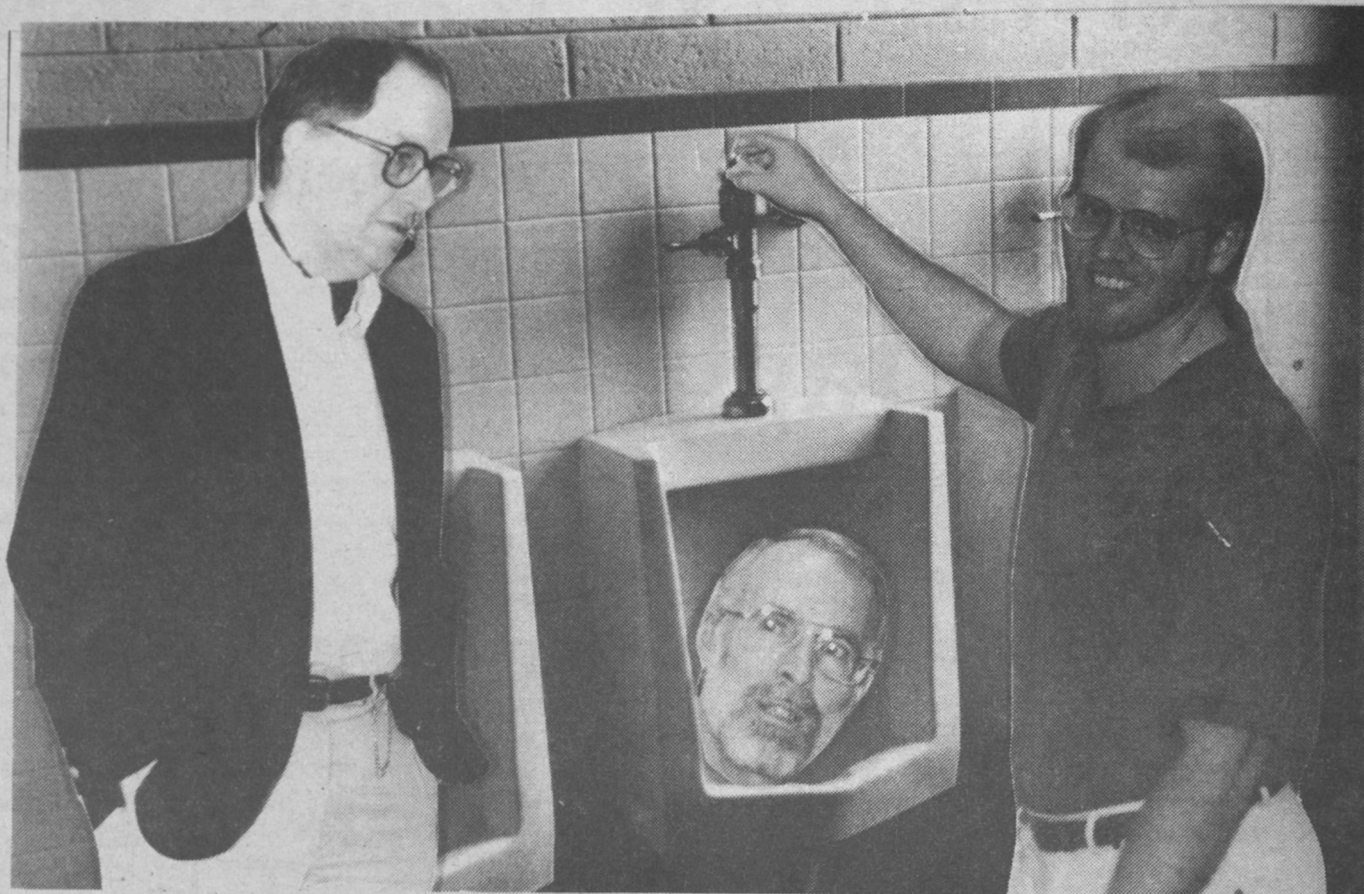
Students, meanwhile, began lining up outside of the bathroom taking bets on whether or not the psychology department should keep Douglass or flush him down the toilet. Voting was mixed as Taylor and

said. "I almost got a divorce last quarter because I spent more time with Douglass and those rats than I did with my husband!"

Sources close to the *Inkwell* suggested that Taylor, in a daring feat of ingenuity, flushed Douglass down the tubes in the theory that he would end up in the ASC pool.

Taylor demised that the pool contained too much chlorine not to be trying to cover up something foul.

So welcome back Douglass, and if you're out there exercising in the ASC pool, remember to watch out for floaters!



Keep Douglass or Flush Douglass? Ahh... we'll keep him...

Photo by Beverly English

a passing Dr. Noble of LLDA consulted with the head in the urinal.

"Don't look at me," Noble said. "I can interpret the original works of Freud, but THIS..."

Dr. Elliot Palefsky was out sick with the flu and unavailable for comment.

The *Inkwell* staff is still awaiting for an update on Douglass's condition, but some students who did not wish to be identified said they saw him running out near Isle of Hope just days after the incident.

"It was all I could do to keep from running him over," one student

## Tutors Needed!



\$5.00 per hour.

Will Work With Your Schedule!  
Apply in the Writing Center.

## Prince and Tina Turner

to put on special show

TONIGHT, April 1,

in MCC. 8:00 p.m.

Armstrong State students and  
faculty admitted free with I.D.  
*Come join the fun!*



## NEWS BRIEFS

**So Long SGA**

The department of Public Safety has announced that Student Government Executive officers' parking places are being confiscated for "faculty" parking use. The four spaces in front of MCC have long been the object of Health Professions faculty's desires. The Publications spaces will not be converted. Public Safety has announced, however, that 250 additional "student spaces" will be converted to "faculty" by mid-term.

\*\*\*

**LLDA's Frank Clancy Held for Questioning**

Professor Frank Clancy, of the Department of Languages, Literature and Dramatic Arts, was recently taken and held for questioning in regards to his alleged involvement with the Irish Republican Army. Ever since his seventh annual Dangerfield Talk and Irish Coffee reception, Clancy has been under the scrutiny of Interpol, an international police organization. Allegations of money earned in the Dangerfield Talk being used to supplement I.R.A. activities led to the questioning.

\*\*\*

**Drug Testing For Grades?**

The Office of the Registrar has announced that, in conjunction with Student Affairs Drug and Alcohol Counseling and the Department of Public Safety, it will begin requiring all students to take and pass a drug-urine test before being allowed to register for classes or receive grades. The new program, designed to cut down on campus drug and substance abuse, will go into effect in the fall of 1994.

\*\*\*

**French Food in Cafeteria**

The cafeteria is proud to announce that it will expand its culinary palette to include a new french restaurant. Chez Robert will open to students on April 4, 1994, and the menu will vary. Prices will range from \$1.00 (french fries) to \$49.95 (escargot). Bon Appetit!

# Public Safety: Tunneling on Campus

By Romus C. Edenfield, III  
Campus Safety Consultant

If you are one of the many people wondering where they are getting all that dirt to build the new gym, inside sources say that it is the dirt from the tunnel underneath the new Public Safety Building. The tunnel will lead to the Chatham County Courthouse, and will be used to escort prisoners to their hearings.

The new facility will have twenty holding cells for Armstrong's hardened

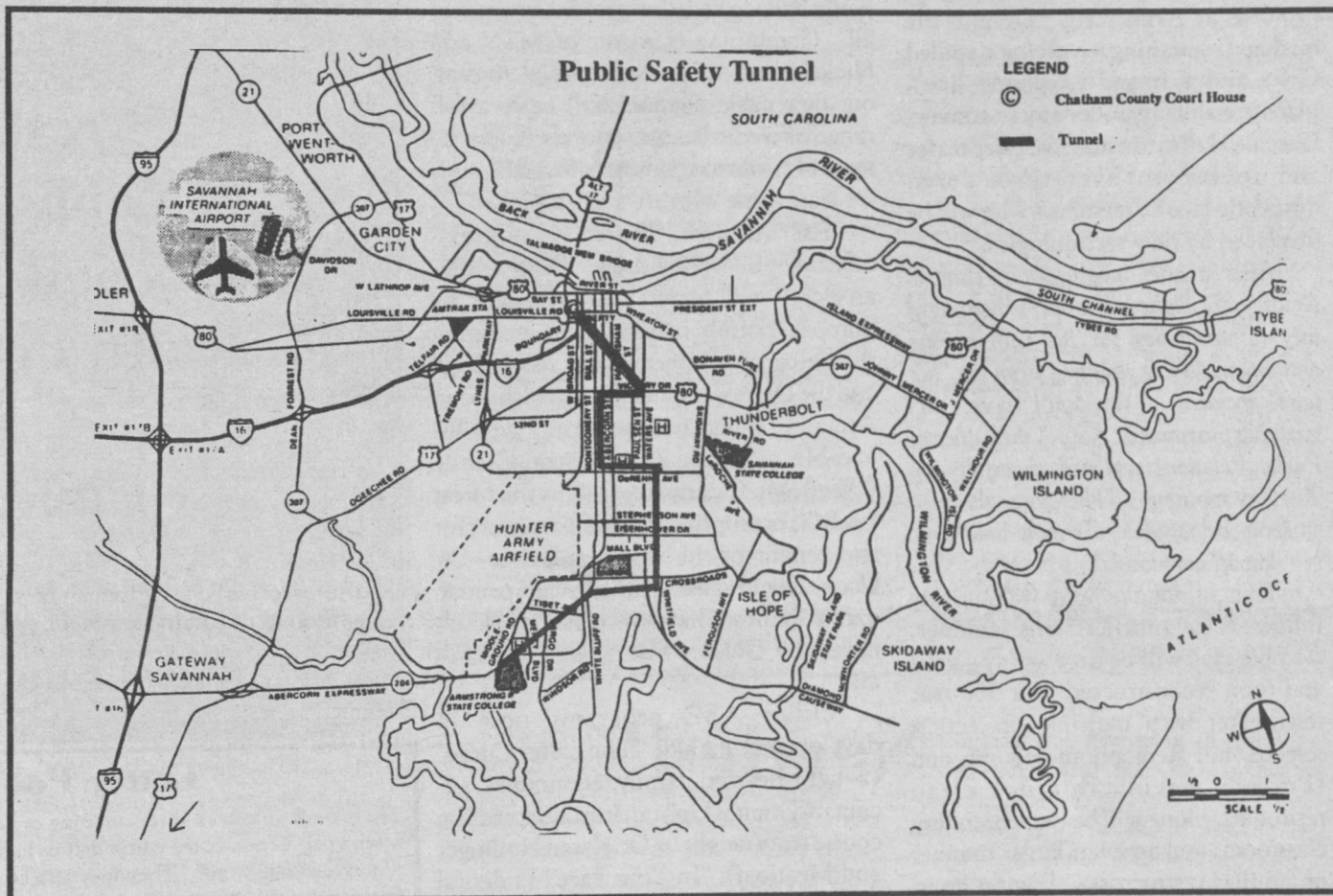
criminals. To avoid transfer of criminals via public roads the tunnel has been created (hence the name "Public Safety").

Our sources have also uncovered plans for a new on-campus prison, to replace the dilapidated prison in City Park. Those students who are currently serving time for unpaid parking fines, honor code violations, bounced tuition checks, and not having their student I.D.'s validated, will be transferred to the facility upon completion.

The facility will be built entirely with student activity funds, since students who

actively break the law will be the ones incarcerated. Currently, the prison is taking applications for such positions as cooks, custodial staff, guards, and warden. There is talk later for the tunnel to be extended to the prison where more holding cells are needed, and this will cost an extra \$5 million, bringing the total of the Armstrong Public Safety package to \$25 million.

The map below details the path of the new tunnel system and demonstrates the effectiveness of the project.



## School of Arts and Sciences Hires Lorena Bobbit

By I.M. Pickens  
Staff Writer

Lorena Bobbit, the cutlery queen, has been hired by the School of Arts and Sciences to teach classes in Anatomy, Psychology, and Self-Defense.

Bobbit was recently released from a psychiatric hospital after maliciously wounding her husband, John Wayne Bobbit, in an incident last summer.

Bobbit says that she is not sorry about the incident. John Wayne, she contends, asked for it. He incited the entire scene.

After spending time in the hospital, however, Bobbit says that she feels more comfortable with herself, and she is more aware of her own strength.

"If I've learned anything," she said, "it's been that there are better ways to handle the situation that I experienced. I never should've thrown it out the window... I should have used the blender."

Bobbit plans to use her experience with the human body when she teaches the anatomy classes, Zoology 208 and 209.

"The human body is a fascinating thing," Bobbit says. "We'll do lots of dissections."

As for psychology, Bobbit's extensive stays in psychiatric wards qualify her to teach Psychology 101. Her focus, of course, will be anger control and the dangers of repression.

As for self-defense, Bobbit plans to teach young Armstrong women to better equip themselves for everyday defense.

"You can take all of the martial arts classes you want," Bobbit says, "but in the end, it will be a waste of your money. There is always bound to be someone stronger than you and more experienced in martial arts than you. If you arm yourself with a few simple household items, however, I promise you can scare a man twice your size to death in an instant."

Bobbit's claim to fame was, of course, the fact that she cut off John Wayne Bobbit's penis with a butcher's knife, and she will stress that approach in her classes.

"Anything you can pick up and threaten with is a good weapon," she stated. No matter how small you are, you even the

odds when you point a pair of scissors at a man's genitals."

Yet Bobbit contends that she is not a man hater. "I do not hate all men," she said. "I may hate John Wayne, but he's the exception. In fact, I welcome and encourage men to attend my classes. People of all sexes can learn a great deal from me. I'm really not God's revenge on men, I'm more like the ultimate underdog winning the world title. I've proven that the little woman—or man—can come from behind and end up winning the battle. I thank Armstrong for giving me the opportunity to put my life back together, while at the same time help others less fortunate than I. It took me a long time to get where I am, and I want to help others attain the same feelings of confidence and ability that I feel within myself today."

Bobbit will join Armstrong's faculty in the fall of 1994. She is currently lecturing on the professional circuit, and is looking forward to next fall.



# Night Moves

## Prime Time ASC:

### The End of the World as We Know It

By Dr. Richard Nordquist  
Director of Non-Traditional Learning

Good news. Last month's electrocution of fourteen graduate students in a distance learning class won't slow the pace of technological progress at Armstrong. Despite the mishap (something involving a spilled Coke and a frayed telephone line), plans are already underway to convert Gamble Hall into a massive teletheater and to retrain over three-dozen dyspeptic faculty members who will be displaced by new technologies.

After a brief investigation, campus security officials have cleared Armstrong of any responsibility for the unfortunate enrollment decline resulting from the "hot wire" incident. "We don't have any graduate programs at ASC," the Office of Public Relations reported cheerfully on Tuesday morning. "Therefore, the fried students belonged to Georgia Southern. No skin off our noses."

That announcement was quickly followed by another: this summer, Gamble Hall will be thoroughly gutted and then reconstructed as a 500-seat teletheater with multiple projection screens, full stereophonic sound, and (I'm not making this up) clean restrooms. Gone will be two dozen tiny classrooms and an even larger number of familiar instructors. Beginning in the fall, throngs of students will be edified and amused by some of America's most entertaining professors beamed in via satellite from all corners of the country. Faculty made redundant by the new teleconferencing system will be retrained to serve as examination proctors, hall monitors, and refreshment vendors.

Remaining faculty will also participate, albeit vicariously, in the new spirit of distance learning. By wearing the masks and mimicking the voices of beloved cartoon figures, "traditional" faculty (also known as "trads") will attempt to re-create the televisual experience in their relatively low-tech classrooms throughout the rest of the campus. Theme music (piped in through ceiling speakers) and occasional visits from wacky neighbors will enliven even the duller classes. Prompted by cue cards and laugh tracks, students will be encouraged to respond to the jibes and wisecracks of "Professor Goofy" with

hearty laughter and inane woofs of delight. Commercial breaks every eight minutes will permit frequent visits to vending machines, restrooms, and other campus pleasure spots.

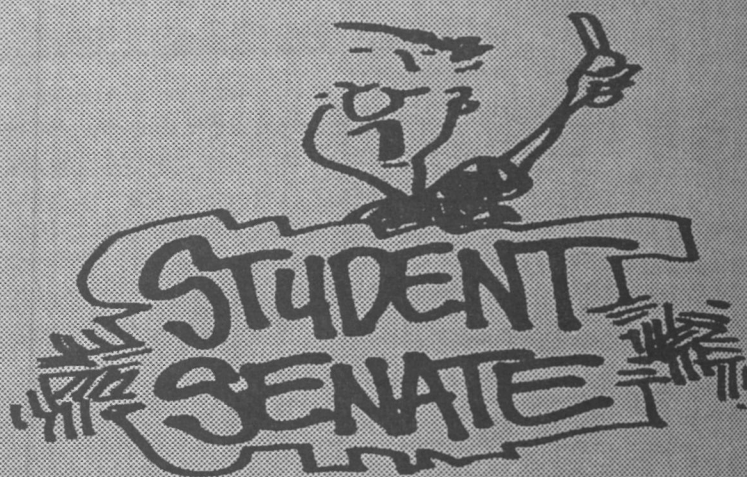
But then again, with the advent of ASC-TV in 1995, some students may never have to venture onto the campus at all. Combining elements of MTV and Nickelodeon in an infomercial format, our new cable channel will carry a full range of credit-bearing courses taught by some of Armstrong's most beloved faculty—at least those who are still employed.

For instance, "Bubba" Cooksey's morning philosophy show, "Ding-a-ling-an-sich," will feature performances by Europe's hottest musical acts, including the Categorical Imperatives, Georg Hegel and the Destroyers, and the Swedish group Atma. When not bantering with his lovable sidekick Zarathustra Clancy ("Well, Mr. C., any trees fall in the forest lately?") or erupting into his Tarzan cry for the benefit of the studio audience, Dr. Cooksey will take us on location to such exotic philosophical retreats as Plato's cave, the Golden Mean, and Buridan's ass.

Other ASC programs now in development include "The Laffer Curve" (a light-hearted family economics sitcom), "Thumbs Up" (an introductory film course team taught by Dr. Karen Hollinger and Meatloaf), "In Your Face" (a dental hygiene drama set in the inner city) and "You Must Be !#\$\*&!#! Nuts!" (Psychology 101 in a contentious talk-show format). Throughout the viewing day, cartoon caricatures of the college President and Vice President—slouched on a couch in front of the tube—will proffer brief, insightful critiques of faculty performances: either "That's cool" or "That sucks," depending on the occasion. Decked out in shorts and Metallica t-shirts, the characters of B&B will also host their own late-night current affairs program, "Who's on First?"

Although Armstrong historian Dr. Janet Stone declined an invitation to comment on the radical transformation that the college is scheduled to experience next year, she was heard to remark something about "going to hell in a hand basket." Then, upon realizing that her wireless microphone was switched on, she added hastily, "My history course, titled 'That's Revolting!' will be on Wednesday nights in the fall—right after Melrose Place. Stay tuned!"

## Student Government Senate Seats Still Available:



1 Freshman Seat  
2 Sophomore Seats  
4 Arts and Sciences Seats  
8 Health Professions Seats  
and  
1 Education Seat

Apply in the Student Activities Office.  
Call 927-5300 for information.

### Letter Policy Department

The Inkwell welcomes letters praising or criticizing the editorial opinions or policies of this newspaper. Letters to the editor may be hand-written or typed (double spaced) and they should not exceed 600 words. They may also be submitted on 3.25" floppy disk, provided they are formatted with a Macintosh and they are in MacWrite or Pagemaker. Letters must be signed and include a valid mailing address for verification, but names will be withheld upon request. The Inkwell reserves the right to edit letters for style or content. Please address letters to Shelley Carroll, Inkwell, 11935 Abercorn Street, Savannah, Georgia, 31419.

The Inkwell also welcomes guest editorials. They must be submitted one week prior to the submission deadline, and it must meet the approval of the Editorial Board.

### Circulation Department

The Inkwell is distributed on Wednesdays five times a quarter. Copies may be obtained in the distribution boxes located in Hawes Hall, Solms Hall, the Cafeteria, the Fine Arts Building, the gymnasium, the Administration building, Gamble Hall, the Lane Library, and Victor Hall. Subscriptions are available for home delivery (through the mail, actually) for the paltry sum of \$5 a quarter. Please address all inquiries to: Shelley Carroll, The Inkwell, 11935 Abercorn Street, Savannah, Georgia, 31419.

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# Armstrong State Gets Classroom Space, and the New Bridge Gets a Name

By Shelley Carroll  
Editor

After years of indecision and debate, the Savannah City Council and Chatham County Commission have finally come to a decision on the naming of the new bridge over the Savannah River that replaced the Talmadge Bridge three years ago, and consequently, Armstrong State College is pleased to announce that it will be receiving its long needed classroom space.

Ever since the new bridge was completed, the City Council and County Commission have remained divided over the issue of what to name the bridge, and local radio stations began to refer to Savannah as the city with a bridge with no name. Certain Democratic City Council members were pressing for "The Floyd Addams Memorial Bridge," and Republicans preferred "The Susan and Al Weiner Bridge." A radical sect of the County Commission was lobbying for the "Robert McCorkle Bridge," but neither group in the City Council would allow it. So the debate raged on for the last three years, and councilmen, aldermen and commissioners have been so distraught that they have failed to accomplish anything else since the issue was raised.

But when Armstrong State College President Robert Burnett approached the City Council and County Commission with his proposition, the issue was finally settled.

Speaking from deep within his heart, Burnett relayed to the Aldermen and Commissioners the sorry state of Armstrong's classroom space.

"We do not have the facilities to house our students," Burnett said. "We realize that the City and County can help us, and in

the process, we can relieve you of the deadlock that has kept you from settling any other business in the past three years."

Burnett then proposed that the Council and Commission agree to let Armstrong State lease space under the new bridge for classrooms. "We realize that underneath the bridge is not the safest place for students, but we feel that our Military science and Criminal Justice students will do very well in that environment, as they will be exposed to the conditions that may arise in their futures," he said.

Armstrong State would, then, become the academic and economic hub of the bridge neighborhood and, according to Don Mendonsa, City Manager, their rent may help pay off the bills for the bridge.

The biggest benefit for the city, however, was Burnett's next suggestion for the new found partnership.

"Armstrong State College has, for many years, played a vital economic, social, and cultural role in the city of Savannah. My suggestion to you would be to name the bridge after Armstrong."

Burnett's words left the room buzzing with suggestions for the new name. "Armstrong Memorial Bridge," "The Robert Burnett Memorial Bridge," and "Pirate Bridge" were among the nominations.

In the end, however, everyone agreed that the bridge should be named for the brilliant individual who had solved the problem, Dr. Robert Burnett. Hence, the Bridge will be named the "President Robert Burnett Memorial Bridge." Burnett's photo will adorn all entrances and exits to the bridge, and he will be memorialized in banner form on each post beneath the bridge.

## Little White Lies: If ASC Buildings Ban Smoking, Why Do Faculty Continue to Smoke in Their Offices?

By Beverly English  
Staff Writer

The death toll continues to rise as hundreds die each week. Their tortured bodies, racked with pain, wither and die and yet their plight goes unnoticed by a world too busy to care....

No, we're not talking about war torn Bosnia. We're talking about cancer-- specifically cancer brought about by years of compulsive sucking on a little white stick full of tobacco. These little white lies may not hurt you now, but trust me, they'll be around for much longer than you will.

There are lots of carcinogenic pollutants in the air. There are genetic causes of cancer, but each time you inhale on a cigarette, cigar, or joint, or chaw on a mouthful of tobacco, you increase your chances of an early death, and an unpleasant one at that. In my 35 years of existence I have known at least 40 friends and family members who have died slowly of cancer due to smoking tobacco. I have known three people who have had their tongues and portions of their jaws removed because of chewing tobacco and two who have had their larynxes removed and replaced by artificial voice boxes. Several were placed on respirators and in wheel chairs with no hope of recovery. Becoming an ex-smoker by becoming an ex-person isn't exactly the way to kick the habit.

Many smokers look years older than they are. Their faces are wrinkled and yellowed along with their teeth. Their children often have respiratory and ear infections which require surgery. More than coincidentally, smokers produce asthmatic kids who smell so strongly of smoke that they could be mistaken for smokehouse barbeque gone bad. Women often try to cover up the smell of smoke with thick perfume. It may work for them, but for others whose senses are still functioning properly, the smell is horrendously unappealing.

The excuses for continuing to smoke despite knowledge of the dangers would almost be laughable if it weren't for the seriousness of the subject: "I'm just going through some emotional times right now and I'm too nervous to give up smoking." Yes it's so comforting to know all your nonsmoking friends think you stink like Union Camp and you may die or lose a body part to cancer any day now...sure takes a load off doesn't it? Makes me less nervous just thinking about it. Or how about, "I just wouldn't know what to do with my hands". Tell that one to PeeWee Herman and see what he tells you.

My all time favorite is "I'll gain weight if I quit." This one is usually spoken by someone that's a good 40 to 50 pounds over the desired healthy weight limit as it is. Face it, cigarette smoking is indicative of a compulsive personality. The same thing that is making you eat is making you smoke

and until you address the underlying issues for your addictions, you aren't going to give up either. You are addicted to a substance and your body is the one taking the abuse. Hmmm...maybe they could remove your body and put it in foster care until you learn how to take care of it properly. Wouldn't that be a novel concept? Hey, if they can force a pregnant woman to keep a baby in her body when she doesn't want to....

Then there are those who will never give up smoking because they feel it is their God given right to destroy their lives and anyone within the general vicinity if they so desire. To heck with nonsmokers rights. What about smokers rights?

What about them indeed. Is it fair to tell someone they must restrict their behaviors from public view. Well, we may like sex, but we're unlikely to do it on the cafeteria floor in midday session. We may enjoy eating, we're not going to bring a sandwich to church and munch on it as the preacher gives the sermon. I might like to do something whenever and wherever I please, but I realize that society places some constraints on what is and what isn't appropriate behavior and in what context such behavior should and should not occur.

Now, before I tip off my soap box and break something, let me get on with the real purpose of writing this article in the first place.

I had been under the impression that smoking had been banned in all buildings on ASC campus and had been surprised to detect the odor of cigarettes in Victor Hall one morning while rushing to class. At the time I thought some students were smoking in one of the restrooms or the break room upstairs and wanted to put a stop to it. As it turned out it was not students smoking but a member of the faculty. Before taking any action, I went to speak with Joe Buck and Bill Kelso and they suggested I interview Vice President Butler who was nice enough to see me on short notice and direct my attention to the Faculty meeting minutes.

In February 1989 a proposed smoking ban was reviewed on campus. A smoking cessation program sponsored by the American Lung Association and the school of Health Professions was created on campus to give free help to nicotine addicts. It was determined that smoking be banned from all classrooms, halls bathrooms and stairwells on campus. The amendment was passed with a vote of 53 for and 34 against.

What the proposal failed to tell us is that professors, according to the faculty handbook, are allowed to smoke in their offices with their doors closed. They are, however, required to extinguish their cigarettes when a student or other nonsmoking faculty member enters into the room. Yeah, this one makes a lot of sense. Tell me this doesn't sound like a smoker made the rules here. It's okay for a professor to smoke in See "Faculty Smokers," page 9.



## In The Pig's Eye-- Poor Housekeeping?

Who is it that drops paper cups, candy and gum wrappers, drink cans across its campus in entrance halls, stairwells, hallways and classrooms?

Who is it that has not grown up to mature adults in their lack of personal behavior and manners? Two out of three commodes and urinals are not flushed, toilet tissue on floors, towels draped around trash containers, partitions in mens and ladies restrooms are continuously inscribed by graffiti.

Is it the housekeeper? NO! It's our Armstrong students responsible for these immature acts which shows little respect for themselves and the rest of the students.

Elementary students maintain better restroom and personal behavior habits. A special course in personal behavior would be welcome.

- A Proud Housekeeper,  
trying to cope with this situation!

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## Does the Department of Developmental Studies Prepare Students for Math 101?

Dear Inkwell,

I am a Freshman here at Armstrong. The reason I started here was because of the fact that Armstrong has an outstanding academic and medical history. I've found that there is a lot of help available on campus for everything. I find a great deal of things dealing with courses and teachers that are good, but let me assure to you that there are problems that we all aren't aware of or just don't pay enough attention to.

Honestly, I am not a consistent reader of your paper, therefore, I am not sure if this issue has been brought up. These past two quarters, I have been taking my core classes, but I have been procrastinating my Algebra. I figured since this is my strong point, I am able to hold out. But, now I am not so sure. In my English classes, from last quarter 'til now, we have been doing daily FFW'S (Focus Free Writes), where we are able to express what's on our minds, what are or aren't working for us up to this point, or just write something about how we are doing in classes, just something we want to share or get off our chest. In these classes, we have found ourselves surveying math courses.

Over 80% of the students wrote about their math class. Why math? Mostly all of them have repeated the course more than once and are struggling now to get through it. More annoying is that over 72% of the students have taken Developmental Studies and failed more than once. There is something wrong with the system of learning and we are not aware of it. For instance, those students who have taken or are taking DS, have been told that if they can pass the class, then they should do well in

College Math. If that were so, how come they are failing the class even after passing DS? The way I understand it, if you pass this test at the end of the quarter with a 77%, then you can go further, but if not, you have to take it again. I understand the concept, but what is it really proving?

I can go into the math class and take the test, pass it with an eighty, I am eligible for College Algebra. Once I am in College Algebra, I find myself failing, but remember, I was told that I should do good since I passed DS. That is how the Mathematics Department puts it. They are telling me what I can and cannot do. There is this female in my English class that has taken the final examination in the class and made a 77% on it, she is said to be ready. But knowing that she is not, she takes the course over again. Why take it over if you are eligible to get out of it? This DS does not sound efficient as we want to believe.

Don't get me wrong, I am not writing this to degrade the math section at Armstrong, but are these statistics being overlooked? The people who have taken DS math and passed are taking College Algebra the second time or more. This happens to be over 50% of the people who wrote about math in my English class. From what I understand, DS does not cover what you are going to be doing in College Math. I am more than concerned on this matter, considering that I am going to be taking College Algebra next quarter. If the people who have taken a course to help them in College Algebra more than once and are failing, what would happen to someone who procrastinated to take the class in the first place?

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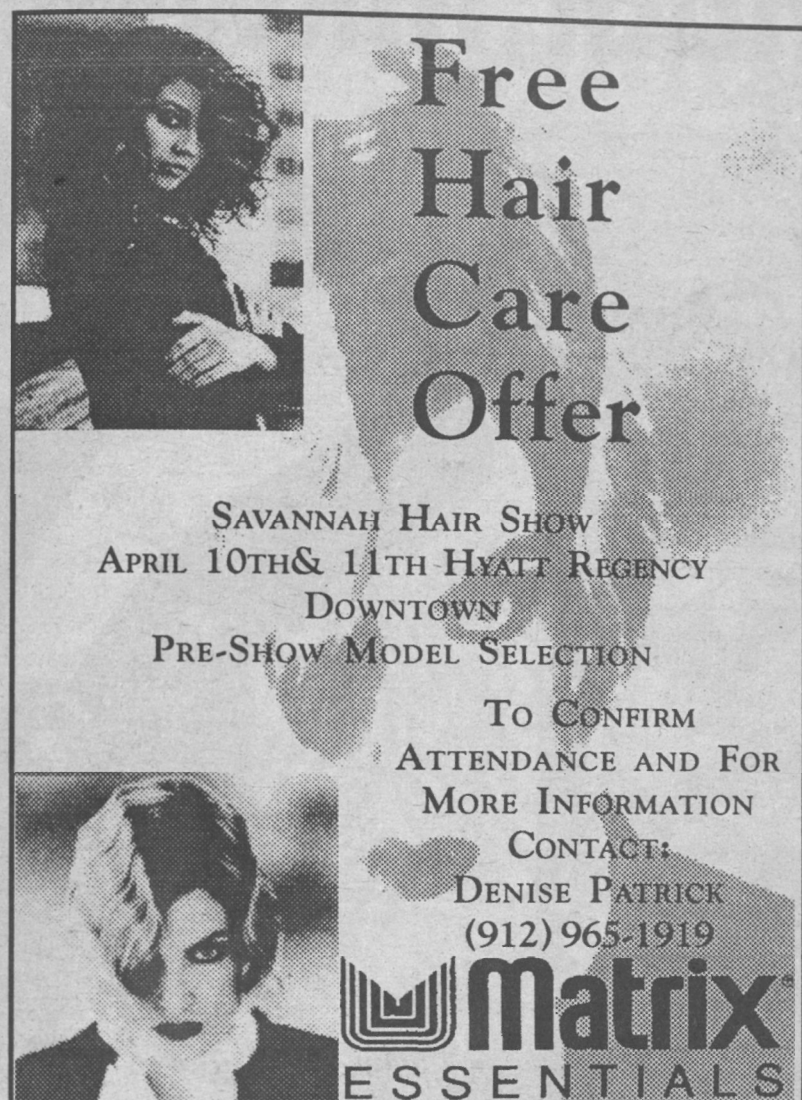
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## Miss ASC Trailer Park Contest a Blatantly Heartless Attack on Women?

Dear Editor,

I am writing this letter concerning a feature in the February 16, 1994 edition of the *Inkwell*. The First Annual Miss Armstrong State Trailer Park Contest, printed on pages 4 and 5, is a blatantly heartless attack on women who live in a mobile home. Not only does this contest negatively stereotype women who reside in a trailer, but it is also a malicious idea not worth the ink used to print it. I strongly disagree with the decision of the editorial board to give this poorly concocted idea two full pages of the *Inkwell* as a public platform to degrade female residents of mobile homes. This is a clear example that there should be more discretion by the board when deciding what should be printed. In no way am I suggesting censorship. However, I do support the need for tasteful discernment in the editing room.

This raises several serious questions that should be pondered. Is the newspaper in such dire need for copy that the staff will put in this kind of garbage just to fill the pages? Is there a shortage of newsworthy issues and events at ASC? If so, then what justifies the existence of the paper? What would happen if the businesses that advertise in the paper were to read it? Would

they continue to spend their advertising dollars to support a newspaper that publishes trashy features that may be offensive to their customers?

If this sort of feature continues to be printed, then it is a fair observation to conclude that the *Inkwell* will become a college newspaper with a middle school mentality, and that it should be distributed to the check-out counters of local grocery stores next to the *National Inquirer*. I am asking the editors and staff to keep the *Inkwell* from becoming just another tabloid.

In fairness, I must say that the rest of the paper was good. However, the editors and staff should remember that a barrel of apples can be spoiled by a single, bad apple. The feature on the Miss ASC Trailer Park Contest is a bad apple. Also, I would like to ask the editors and staff to remember that they are representatives of Armstrong State College and the students who attend it. When they print mean and prejudicial features, like the Miss ASC Trailer Park Contest, they are being offensive to some and make all ASC students look bad.

Sincerely,  
Thomas J. Beierman

## Faculty Smokers... continued from page 7.

the building but not students or staff? Maybe second hand smoke from professors is less detrimental to the health than that of lowly students and staff. Discrimination or what?

Great, now we have a closed door policy that prevents students from interacting with a professor. Extinguishing a cigarette before someone enters the room is like flushing the toilet after a bowel movement... the smell doesn't go away and while the second hand smoke may be negligible to one's health, the smell itself is enough to drive a sensitive person out of the room gagging.

I don't know about you, but I don't even like to sit beside a heavy smoker. I place the experience right alongside enduring people with bad breath and foul body odor and I don't care what Union Camp says, the smell DOES make me sick.

Perhaps I am just nasally advanced, but foul odors literally make me sick to my stomach. My eyes water. I lose concentration and begin looking for routes of escape. I once had to travel in a closed car with three chain smokers and it took me two days to recover from forty-five minutes of exposure.

I used to be a social smoker myself but gave up the habit when an asthmatic friend was too polite to tell me my smoking bothered her and went into respiratory arrest. She had her inhaler with her and recovered after turning blue in the face, but I swore to give up smoking the very same day. It has not been easy and, as much as other people's smoke irritates me today, I have on occasion shocked everyone by smoking a cigarette or two in a moment of unbridled passion. I just don't like to think that something that small can have that much control over me. There are times when I have been standing in the supermarket check-out lane when that artfully designed package seems to cry out...taste the passion, the romance...the rebelliousness of freedom...come...then I remember that poster in the respiratory therapy lab with the toothless wrinkled lady that says "Smoking is Glamorous" and try to focus on tabloid headlines instead of buying into the little white lie. I have noticed lately that many supermarkets have removed the cigarettes from easy reach and placed them in a glass cabinet up front. This is a good thing. They should do this with candy and chips...but that would be asking too much.

Yes, I'll admit I am a compulsive person, but when you add up the costs and benefits of smoking, the only ones benefitting are the tobacco farmers, cigarette manufacturers and the doctors and cancer specialists. You get little in return. If you are stupid enough to fall for the lies then so be it. It is after all your freedom to support tobacco farmers with tax derived supplants, your decision to pay more in tax dollars for health care and your decision to put the health and finances of you and your family at risk by allowing a cigarette to control your existence.

Oh, and as for the excuse of smoking to

keep the gnats away, that's why Avon makes Skin So Soft, but I'm sure like everything else, "that probably causes cancer too!!" Right, oh philosophical smoking one?

The Clinton Administration has announced its plans to back a bill by representative Henry Waxman requiring all owners of buildings entered by more than 10 people a day to either ban or severely restrict smoking, but this still doesn't solve the problem of the mass conglomeration of door blocking smokers and butt tossers who seem to have as little concern for the environment as they do for their own health and the rights of others.

Rep. Thomas Bliley of Virginia represents the tobacco industry and stands opposed to Waxman's bill. Bliley feels that the studies on second hand smoke are flawed and claims that the bill is a political manipulation of the EPA. He is joined in opposition of the bill by former House member Charles Whitley who claims the bill is an attempt at social engineering and federal intervention in the private lives of American citizens. Hack, hack, cough, wheeze. If we can put people in jail for urinating on the streets or yelling obscenities in a crowded mall, I think we can limit smoking to the confines of one's own abode. Like I said earlier, we don't have sex in public because we have been socially engineered that this type of behavior is not only nonconformist, but rude and indicative of emotional disorder...why should cigarette smoking be any different?

I like the smell of a good campfire, but I'm not going to light one up in the gymnasium while I'm watching a ball game. It, like other matters, can wait until I get home.

In closing, it may interest you to know that it costs ASC \$1000 a month to maintain an outside cleaning crew whose primary job is to pick up trash and cigarette butts off the grounds. Our own plant operations was too busy to do the job themselves. The administration is reluctant to set up "ash trays" by the front doors of buildings because it is both unsightly and blocks the entrance to the doors with crowds of smokers and clouds of smoke. Suggestions have been made to establish smoking gazebos near campus buildings away from those who prefer not to smell the fumes.

Addictions are indicative of underlying problems and are not limited to smoking. The person that must have their coffee or Coke in the morning or their beer or wine at night is being controlled by something other than themselves. When people argue that limiting smoking areas is a form of social engineering, they fail to realize that the advertising campaigns of the tobacco industry are doing the very same thing. Their little white lies will eventually be their undoing, but it doesn't have to be yours. If someone was lying to you and manipulating your life for their benefit, would you allow them to do so and say it was YOUR choice? Give us your opinion.



# The Second Annual Inkwell

Swimsuits  
Courtesy of  
Belk,  
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Mall,  
Juniors  
Department.



Contestant #1



*Photos by B.A. Baker.*



Contestant #2



Contestant #3



# Swimsuit Contest

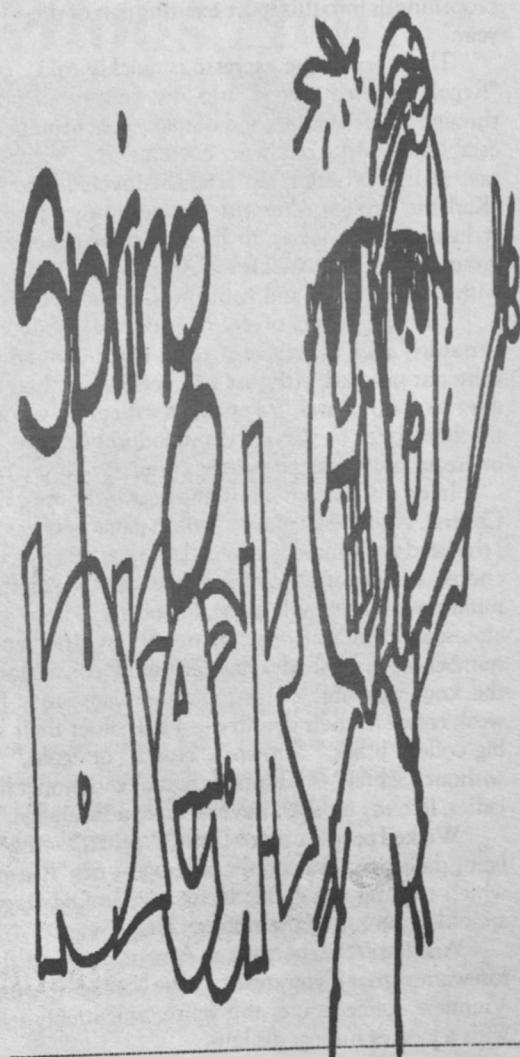
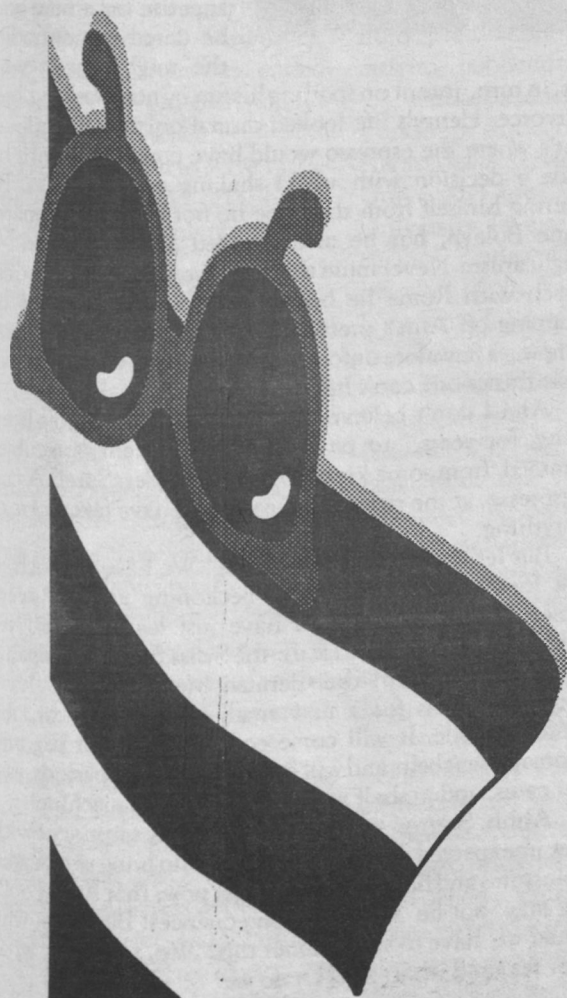


Contestant #4



Contestant #5

Contestant #6





# People and Places: Tutto Espresso... for the Wicked April

By Aurelia Roth  
Staff Writer

Coffee and donuts are now being served in the Writing Center.

If you haven't been there lately, check it out! With the arrival of Spring—the fickle April is just at our doorsteps—things begin to happen. Spring means fresh blood, new ideas, rejuvenation; it means cleaning out the attic and buying new clothes. Hence... through the latest addition in the form of state-of-the-art partitions, the Writing Center has been magically transformed into a haven of tranquil relaxation. These cleverly created, intimate booths will provide an atmosphere conducive to higher learning and will propel help-seeking students to the highest echelons of scholarship.

The individual small tables inside a booth—the walls of which may even be decorated in the future—invite students to be softly tutored, to practice for their Regent's Test or to participate in a low-voiced, professional discussion.

The tutors are still debating—remember: Spring time, April, *nouveau chose*, all that good stuff—whether to serve the same old American coffee or succumb to yet another modern trend of Southern society, *le dernier cri*—l'espresso.

This strong, yet mellow, tasty type of coffee, originating in Europe, specifically in Italy, has slowly but surely conquered the North, East and West of the continent, and finally seems to trickle down to the South. It has made a triumphant entrance (—where have I heard this phrase before?—) into both malls, where various espresso and cappuccino stands have sprung, as well as into downtown cafes.

That is good! And because April is not only fickle, but also wicked, (remember April Fool's Day!) we should peruse this new black poison to serve as a mental trampoline for propelling us into this most exciting part of the year.

The story of the espresso is quickly told. "Regular" coffee turned into the newer version simply through a different method of making it. Mimicking long established Mediterranean customs, the Vienna coffee houses, in the Fifties, replaced the revered old-fashioned "Karlsbad" coffee maker with the Italian espresso machine. It heats boiling water to steam which penetrates the ground coffee very quickly—"espresso" in Italian. Drink it with steamed milk, and voila!—Cappuccino!

The Viennese, of course, forever spoiled by the versatility and variety of a once multi-cultural society, were not satisfied with just two versions of their favorite afternoon drink and "invented" a variety of color shades for their coffee by varying the amounts of the added milk or cream, and creating new mixtures.

In one of the famous literati coffee houses, the Cafe Central, (—Trotzky played a mean game of chess here!—) the head waiter used to take orders by letting the customer choose his preferred coffee shade from a palette of 20 numbered samples. Of course, life proceeds faster now and almost as hectic as in other metropolitan cities; and so the number of coffee shades has decreased considerably. But the knowledgeable (—not the Germans; they produce weak coffee in their country!—) still order their small or big coffee "black," "brown," "blond," or "gold," with or without "Schlag"—whipped cream. And proper little old ladies, like my mother, have to have a "Melange."

Wicked people order a Cafe "g'spritzt,"—the "Spritz" being their favorite alcoholic beverage—or a "Rittmeister," which requires the coffee in its raw, ground stage being sprinkled on top of their booze. Ha!

And if you ever become an American tourist there, be forewarned that if you order a mere "coffee" in a reputable Viennese coffee house, the waiter will simply strafe you with a look of utmost disdain.

But then, "reputable" coffee houses pride themselves not only in providing their customers with the best coffee but also with a wonderfully relaxed atmosphere which ranges from live piano music and animated patter to the intellectual hush of whispered conversations and the rustling of international newspapers' pages.

And once Spring arrives, all of this is transferred outside. There isn't anything more exciting and stimulating than to sit in the sidewalk cafe of the "Schwarzenberg," on a mild, sunny April day! You are on the lively, vibrant boulevard of the "Ring," and if you know which table to occupy, you can look into a small shady lane at the end of

and two years ago, when he performed in an open-air operetta, south of Vienna, contrary to other performers who isolate themselves in their dressing rooms, he sat in the coffee house right across from the stage, an hour before the start of the performance. While I zipped slowly from my coffee during our conversation, he went through four double espressos. It made him "hyper"; but then—his electrifying presence on the stage in the following performance might have been partially a result of this, his favorite stimulus.

Let us, therefore, be grateful for the invention of the coffee bean and pity our forefathers who were not so privileged. Maybe an espresso is what the medieval French

king, Louis IX, would have needed, a few centuries ago, one starry night in Crusader-land. Because he had so many troubles with his wife, the temperamental spitfire, Eleanor of Aquitaine, he couldn't sleep and wandered around outside to get some fresh air, when he heard the noise of marauding Turks. Seized with fear, he quickly scrambled up a tree to escape their probable ire. Poor little pious king! Crouching fearfully in the top of the tree and trying not to fall asleep, he sure could have used a strong espresso then!

This remedy might have also helped flamboyant Henry VIII at times of crises, who kept tumbling from one unthinkable deed to the next. Bored with his wife and consumed with an appetite for a new one, he dared to contradict the mighty pope who

was, in turn, intent on spoiling his fun by not granting him a divorce. Henry's life looked dismal only for a while—that's where the espresso would have come in—until he made a decision with world shaking consequences. By severing himself from the pope he not only got to marry Anne Boleyn, but he also founded a new religion—Anglicanism. Never mind that aside from this ecclesiastical breach with Rome he became even more infamous by chopping off Ann's pretty little head and acquiring and dumping a few more unfortunate wives—it was just one of those things one can't help!

And I don't believe that lady-historian who's been trying, for years, to prove that all of Henry's troubles stemmed from some kind of eating disorder. Sure! A cup of espresso, at the right moment, would have taken care of everything.

But let's get back to the living! We have so much to look forward to, with Spring beckoning us from every corner. The fickle April, I have just learned, has yet another novelty in store for us: the Swiss Swatch company, in cooperation with the German Mercedes firm have completed plans for a new small electric city car, the Swatch-Mobile. It will come complete with air bag and automatic seat belts and will have room for two persons, two beer cases, and a shelf with a mini espresso machine!

Ahhh, Spring! Ahhh, April! It may surprise us with a few unexpected showers, but it will also bring us cascades of blossoms and flowers. Don't forget now, that April Fool's Day may not be without consequences! But then, why should we have to worry about this? We all know what is for real and what isn't. Or do we?



which rises the stunning baroque church of St. Charles, its light green cupola gleaming in the sun. Cornering that little lane and facing the boulevard is the Imperial hotel, a majestic building that has practically housed every statesman in the world. President Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev have sat in its gilded parlor and moved the world.

Did they drink espresso? I don't know, but it wouldn't surprise me. For many people, coffee is a stable part of their life, an aid in sustaining their momentum, and an enhancement of their social encounters. I can never picture my old, old friend Sandor without his espresso cup. I first met him, many years ago, at one of the "soirees," that my guitar teacher used to throw. Her guests always consisted not only of her guitar, accordion and piano students, but also of a few opera students from the Vienna Music Academy who had to be proficient on the piano. At these parties, we all would sing and play, spontaneously and informally, eat and drink and be merry.

The day I met Sandor for the first time, I stood at the piano and sang a little song. I felt comfortable with my presentation but not with the new dress I had on. As I casually leaned at the piano, I noticed that it emphasized a particular part of my anatomy; and that bothered me. Sure enough, the new guy who had entered the parlor while I was singing, strolled casually towards me, after I finished, introduced himself and then said, "Nice portamento, you have."

Trying to tuck my dress into shape, I was furiously thinking whether I should punch this newcomer right there and then, but my accompanist-friend who realized what was happening quickly said to me, "Relax, he means, you have a nice legato."

Sandor always drank more coffee than anybody else;